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Till Three P.M.

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DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

TILL THREE P. M.

A Farce in One Act

By MARVIN HADLEY

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NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
18 ANN STREET

T9635
Z9 H13

TILL 3 P.M.

CHARACTERS

HENRY VAN DER WERKEN.....*A wealthy young man*
JACK SPENCER.....*His friend*
GRACE ALLISON.....*An heiress*

TIME.—The present. LOCALITY.—New York City.

TIME OF PLAYING.—About twenty minutes.

COSTUMES

Modern and appropriate to characters portrayed.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

Pipe, writing material, smoking jacket, large gloves and watch for HENRY. Watch for JACK.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right hand; L., left hand; C., center of stage; D. R., door at right; D. R. C., door at right of center. UP means toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

TMP96-007083

MAY 13 1915
©CLD 40634
no1

TILL 3 P.M.

SCENE.—*A very well furnished room in* MR. VAN DER WERKEN'S *apartment in New York. An afternoon in August. Doors* R. *and* R. C. *Window* L. *The hangings, rugs, etc., are all of fine quality, as is also the furniture, which consists of a settee with sofa pillows* DOWN R. C., *a writing table on which there are writing materials, newspapers, and box of cigars* UP L., *chair in back of writing table. Easy-chair* DOWN L. *Small table on which there are many photos* UP R. *Fireplace at rear, with chair* L. *of it, but these are concealed by a large Japanese screen. A small camera on a tripod stands* DOWN R. *with cloth thrown over it.* DISCOVERED HENRY, *in shirt sleeves, with a bandage about his head, seated behind writing table. He is smoking a pipe and writing a letter. Door bell rings long and loudly.*

HENRY (*looks up with a frown. Bell rings again*). Confound it! (*Gets up. Bell continues to ring. Opens* D. R. C., *bell ceases to ring*) Oh, hello, Spencer! What are you trying to do? Run the juice out of the battery?

ENTER JACK SPENCER, D. R. C.

JACK. Hello, you poor nut! What's the idea of the bandage? (*Goes* DOWN C.)

HENRY (*goes back to seat behind table*). Got a headache. How'd you know I was in town? (*Starts in to write*)

JACK. Didn't know. Just thought you might be, so took a chance. So you have the headache too. Ha! Such is life! Everybody has the headache nowadays. This morning my dog came to me complaining of a headache. I told him to take a bromo. Then my pet pony——

HENRY. Shut up, will you?

JACK. What's up that you're shoving the quill so fast?

HENRY. Got an important letter to write, and would rather not be disturbed.

JACK. Not very amiable, eh? (*After placing his hat and gloves on a chair, walks toward* HENRY, *helps himself to a cigar from a box on the writing table, lights cigar and taking up paper goes* R. *to settee*)

HENRY (*irritably*). Why in thunder don't you sit down?

JACK. Just what I was going to do. (*Sits on settee, stares at his paper, suddenly puts it down*) By the way, I suppose you haven't forgotten that little wager we made a few months ago. I've come to collect the thousand.

HENRY. The time isn't up yet.

JACK. It's up to-day at 3 o'cock. (*Takes out his watch*) It's just half past two now. Nearly up, eh?

HENRY. Spencer, you're a blackguard. I won't pay up till three o'clock; that's flat. (*Strikes desk with his fist*)

JACK (*smoking easily*). Oh, sure, sure; that's all right; take your time. I'll just loaf around here for half an hour, have a little social chat with you and then for the "cush."

HENRY. You won't find me very amiable.

JACK (*walks* L., *sits in chair*). Oh, well, don't put yourself out. By the way, I hear the most beautiful, pretty, elegant, exquisite, young lady left for California this morning with her mother. (*Yawns*) It's like taking the baby from the candy.

HENRY (*gets up; goes* DOWN C.). Now, see here, Jack. I know I was a fool, but I am not a quitter. I am strong on hunches, and I've a pretty big hunch now that I am going to win that wager. (*Goes* R. *to camera*)

JACK. Excuse me if I don't take any stock in your hunches. (*Rises*) What's the idea of the camera?

HENRY. It's all ready for her.

JACK. For her? I don't get you.

HENRY. Well, I might as well own up. After I made that fool bet with you, which provided that I was to win the hand of Miss Allison as a plain, ordinary individual, much below her in social rank, I tried every way I could to get acquainted with her, as an ordinary individual. I was balked all along the line. Then I hit upon a great scheme. I had some business cards printed, with plain H. Werken, Photographer, and with my real New York address. I managed to have her maid slip her one of the cards. Her answer was that she might arrange for a sitting if she needed some photos. That's as far as I got.

JACK. Bright head; bright head! (*Strokes* HENRY'S *head*)

HENRY (*irritably*). Don't do that; don't do that. You interrupt my train of thought. Where was I? Oh, yes. Two days ago Grace and her mother suddenly left Atlantic City for New York. I followed in their wake, but although I have searched the registers of all the hotels in New York, I have found no trace of her, my beautiful Grace.

JACK. Feel bad?

HENRY. Not a bit. Something tells me here, (*Hand on heart*) that I shall win out.

JACK. Another hunch, eh? Takes it from me, that heart is unreliable. Why don't you sue it for misrepresentation and let me take the case?

HENRY. You make me sick. (*Goes back to writing table*)

JACK. Oh, well—(*Looks at watch*) It's twenty minutes to three. You might draw that check for the thousand now and sign it at 3 o'clock. It will save time.

HENRY. I won't do it. I won't give up. Man, you don't know what this means to me! I can't live without her. Try as I will to put her out of my mind, her lovely face always comes before me as a vision.

JACK. I should worry. (*Telephone bell rings*) What's that?

HENRY. It's my phone. That's funny; no one knows I am in town. By Jove! my hunch. I'll bet it's Grace trying to arrange for a sitting.

JACK. And I'll bet it's your tailor dunning you for his bill.

HENRY (*picks up phone*). Hello!—Yes, this is Mr. Werken. (*To* JACK) It's her voice. (*At phone*) Who is it, please?—Miss Allison? (*Looks triumphantly at* JACK, *who scowls*) I don't think I know the name. Have you an appointment with me?

JACK. For the love of Mike, what nerve!

HENRY (*at phone*). Oh, yes, of course, the card I sent you at Atlantic City. Surely, surely, I remember now. Yes, I have a few minutes to spare. (JACK *takes out his watch*) I think I can take it in that time.

JACK. It's fifteen minutes to three. (JACK *laughs*)

HENRY (*to* JACK). Shut up, you big chump. (*At phone*) Oh, a thousand pardons! I was addressing my dog. He's an ill-mannered brute. (JACK *throws a sofa pillow at* HENRY *and knocks phone from table. To Jack*) Say, if you do that again, I'll biff you one. (*Picking up phone*) I must apologize again. My dog just jumped on the table and knocked the phone off—that's a bad trick he has. I'm very sorry, but—where are you, please? Oh, in the ante-room? Will you come

right up? Thank you. (*Hangs up receiver. To* JACK) Now then, you clear out.

JACK (*grins*). Oh, I thought I would hang around and see the fun.

HENRY. Nothing doing! Nothing doing! Get out. (*Seizes him by the collar*)

JACK (*freeing himself*). See here, all's fair in love and war, and this is a little of both. If you win that bet, I'm going to see you do it.

HENRY. I'll tell you about it afterwards.

JACK. No, siree!

HENRY. But, man, I can't propose to her with you in the room.

JACK. Suppose I get behind the screen?

HENRY (*impatiently*). Nonsense! Er—I'll tell you what. Go into the next room if you must hang around.

JACK. Nope! It's either behind the screen or here. (*Flops down into a chair* R.)

HENRY. You're an obstinate devil; but, believe me, you are going to get out of here quick.

HENRY. You'll see. (JACK *rises and goes* L., *smiling.* EXIT HENRY D. R. *and immediately* RE-ENTERS *with two revolvers*) Now then——

JACK. Holy smoke! (*Runs behind screen*)

GRACE ALLISON (*off stage*). Thank you, I'll go right in.

ENTER MISS ALLISON D. R. C.

HENRY (*in dismay, putting his hands behind him so as to hide the revolvers*). Er—how do you do, Miss Allison?

GRACE. Good afternoon, Mr. Werken. (*Advances to him and holds out her hand*)

HENRY (*hands behind him*). Er—You will excuse me if I don't shake hands. My hands were badly scalded a little while ago and, er—they pain quite a lot, you see.

GRACE. Oh, I am so sorry. Isn't there something I can do?

HENRY. Oh, no; I——

GRACE. Perhaps it won't be convenient for you to take my photograph to-day.

HENRY. Oh, that's all right. I'll put a bandage on my hands, and they will be all right. (*Backs toward* D. R. *all the time*) I—I shan't be a minute. Please be seated. (EXIT *backward* D. R. GRACE *goes to table* R., *looks at two or three*

photos, and then walks slowly L. *with one of them in her hand.* JACK *peeps over the screen at her, and then suddenly ducks down as if fearful she will see him.* HENRY ENTERS D. R. *Has removed bandage from head. Has on smoking jacket and pair of large gloves.* JACK *bobs up again, and* HENRY *frantically motions him to get down.* JACK *ducks down again*) Now, Miss Allison, I am quite at your service.

GRACE. And how are the poor hands?

HENRY. Better, thank you.

GRACE. How did such a terrible accident happen?

HENRY. What accident?

GRACE. Why, your scalded hands.

HENRY. Oh, yes, to be sure. Why, you see it was this way. I was developing some plates when suddenly one of the bottles of chemicals exploded—puff! bang!

JACK (*behind screen*). Puff! bang!

GRACE (*startled*). What was that?

HENRY. Er—what?

GRACE. That noise—puff! bang!

HENRY. Oh, that was only the echo.

GRACE. I never heard an echo in a room before.

HENRY. That's because you have never been in this room before. Try it yourself.

GRACE. Puff! bang! (JACK *remains silent*) I heard no echo.

HENRY. It doesn't always work. Er—do you like that photo you have there?

GRACE. Yes, indeed.

HENRY. I am sorry, but I have only about fifteen minutes to finish my work in. (*Looks at watch*) I—I am a very busy man, you see. Er—what style of photo would you prefer?

GRACE. I should much prefer to follow your advice.

HENRY. Yes, yes, of course; they all do. (*Looks at her admiringly*) Due regard must be paid to your figure, which is matchless in its contours; I must reproduce the noble and classic outlines of your profile; that bewitching smile on your lips, the enchanting glance of your beautiful eyes; the——

JACK (*behind screen*). Mush, mush, mush!

GRACE (*quickly*). What was that?

HENRY. Oh, that must be Dago John, a pedler who comes around here every day about this time. He sells musk melons. He says—"Musha-da-mel, musha-da-mel." He's what I call a nuisance. (*Goes to window, calls*) Nothing to-day. Go on.

GRACE. But the sound seemed nearer than outside.

HENRY. That fellow has an enormous voice. Thank goodness, he's gone up the street. His voice doesn't sound so loud now.

GRACE. But I can't hear it at all.

HENRY. All the better.

GRACE. You were saying before the interruption——

HENRY. Allow me to pose you properly. (*Leads her to chair before camera*) Now then—(*There is a sound behind the screen, which moves slightly*)

GRACE. What was that?

HENRY. What?

GRACE. That sound.

HENRY. Oh, that's only my dog. I have him chained up in the other room.

GRACE. But I distinctly saw the screen move.

HENRY. Er—yes. So it did. The dog did that.

GRACE. But how could the dog do that?

HENRY. He must have struck it with his tail. He's the funniest dog. He wags his tail all the time. I remember once——

GRACE. But will you please tell me how the dog could move the screen when he is in the other room?

HENRY (*nervously*). Er—that is—did I say he was in the other room?

GRACE. Yes.

HENRY (*laughs to conceal his embarrassment*). Now, wasn't that funny of me? I must have misspoken. He isn't in the other room; he's behind the screen.

GRACE. Oh, I just adore dogs. What is he?

HENRY. Oh—he isn't much of a dog—that is, to look at. He's just a kind of a mongrel, with a hang-dog look. He's a mild old fellow.

GRACE (*goes toward screen*). Oh, do let me see him; he must be a dear.

HENRY (*obstructing her*). Oh, you mustn't see him. He's awful ferocious. That's why I keep him chained up.

GRACE. Ferocious? (HENRY *nods*) Why, you just said he was mild.

HENRY. Mild? Mild? Are you sure I said mild?

GRACE. Positive.

HENRY. Oh, I couldn't have said "mild." Excuse me, but I am sure that wasn't the word. What was it I said now? Let me think. Ah! I have it. I said wild. That was it. Isn't it funny you should have misunderstood me. He's a wild

old fellow. Sometimes he growls something fierce. (JACK, *behind screen, growls fiercely*)

GRACE (*runs* L.). Oh, dear, what a frightful beast! Will it get loose?

HENRY (R.). Oh, no. I have him chained fast. (*Goes to screen*) Be quiet there, Rover. (*Kicks screen*)

JACK (*behind screen*). Ouch!

GRACE. Why, the voice sounded almost human, poor fellow!

HENRY. Yes; that's the funniest thing about Flossie—I mean, Rover—he's almost human, but not quite.

GRACE. Do you think he will be quiet now?

HENRY. I think so. If he isn't I'll have to throw a pail of water over at him. (*Screen wobbles*)

GRACE. There, the screen moved again. He heard what you said. Do you think he understood?

HENRY. He understood all right. I will settle with Rover after this good and plenty.

GRACE. We are not getting on very well with my picture. What time is it, please?

HENRY (*looks at watch*). Ten minutes to three. Holy smoke! Oh, excuse me, please. You see, I have another engagement at three and must be through by then. Please take your seat and we will hurry.

GRACE. Yes. Mother doesn't know where I am. (*Sits as before*)

HENRY. Now, then, don't look at the camera. No; not so far around. That's better. Now then——(*Ducks under the cloth*) No, that won't do. Your skirt doesn't hang right.

GRACE. What's the matter with it?

HENRY. The folds must be more artistic. Here, let me fix it. (*Kneels before her and arranges the folds of her skirt; remains kneeling; suddenly*) Miss Allison, Grace, I can't wait another minute to——

GRACE (*drawing back*). Is that the usual way to pose a subject?

HENRY. Yes, oh, yes, in these modern times. Everything depends on the expression. I want you to look your loveliest; then the picture will be divine.

GRACE. Dear me! I don't understand. Please get up. (HENRY *rises; goes back to camera with a sigh*)

HENRY. Now then——(*Groans can be heard emanating from behind the screen*)

GRACE (*rising in alarm*). What was that?

HENRY. That's my poor old uncle in the other room. He has rheumatism, and suffers terribly.

GRACE. But the sounds came from behind the screen.

HENRY. But they couldn't. Dogs don't have rheumatism,—that is, young dogs,—and that pup of mine——

GRACE. I am sure, Mr. Werken, that I don't understand you at all. You don't look or act like any photographer I know. Your room doesn't look like a studio. Queer things are happening here all the time, and you explain them preposterously. I demand an explanation.

HENRY. I assure you, Miss Allison——

GRACE. I don't believe you are a photographer. You have simply tricked me into coming here for your own evil purposes.

HENRY. But I assure you——

GRACE. You have done everything you could to delay me. You have a confederate behind that screen. Let me go.

HENRY (*obstructing her*). Oh, please, please, don't go. I will explain everything. I love you, Grace——

GRACE (*indignantly*). Mr. Werken——

HENRY. Don't stop me. I have loved you ever since——

GRACE. How dare you, sir?

JACK (*behind screen*). Three minutes to three.

GRACE. That was a man's voice.

HENRY (*desperately*). It's our town crier announcing the time in Union Square.

GRACE. Lies, lies, lies! Nothing but lies! There's a man behind the screen and I am going to see who it is.

HENRY. Please, please don't. As you love me——(GRACE *gives* HENRY *a violent push; then throws the screen to the floor*)

GRACE (*steps back*). Mr. Spencer! (HENRY *sinks into chair* R.)

JACK (*steps out*). I assure you, Miss Allison, that it's all a joke. This gentleman——

GRACE (*witheringly*). Gentleman! I don't care to know anything about him. He's a fraud and a cheat. He's beneath my notice. But you, Mr. Spencer—I am surprised to find you assisting him. My fiancé shall know of this.

JACK. Your fiancé?

HENRY (*mournfully*). Her fiancé?

GRACE. I am engaged to marry Albert Hamilton of Los Angeles. I wanted a photo for him; else I should never have

come here to be insulted by that. (*Indicates* HENRY *disdainfully*) Good afternoon!

HENRY (*jumps up*). Er—er—er—er (*Ends in a gurgle*)

GRACE. Good afternoon! [EXIT *haughtily* D. R. C.

JACK (HENRY *looks at* JACK, *and* JACK *looks at* HENRY; *then* JACK *pulls out his watch*). Well, old man——(*A cuckoo clock off* R. *breaks in with*,—Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! HENRY *sinks into a chair*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

NOTE.—If it is impossible to obtain a cuckoo clock, an ordinary clock may strike 1—2—3 just before the final curtain. It is the humble opinion of the writer, however, that a cuckoo clock's sounding Henry's defeat will strike an audience as irresistibly funny.

NEW PLAYS

PEREGRINATIONS OF POLLY, The. **15 cents.** A comedietta in 1 act, by HELEN P. KANE. 3 female characters. 1 plain interior scene. Time, about 45 minutes. *Polly* and *Margaret*, bachelor maids, being invited to attend a musicale, determine to exchange escorts. The result may not have been such as was intended, but certainly was one to have been expected. The dialogue throughout is brilliant and snappy, the action quick, thus ensuring a success for this bright sketch.

RELATIONS. **15 cents.** A farcical skit in 1 act, by GEORGE M. ROSENER. 3 male, 1 female character. 1 interior scene. Time, about 20 minutes. An inimitable sketch full of rapid repartee and rollicking "situations." *Billie* is a whole team in himself; his uncle and brother-in-law force the fun, but *Billie* comes out on top. The action is unflagging and irresistibly funny.

RAPS. **15 cents.** A vaudeville sketch in 1 act, by ELEANOR MAUD CRANE. 2 male characters. 1 interior scene. Time, about 30 minutes. An exceedingly bright dialogue between an Irish carpenter and a slightly intoxicated gilded youth. Full of "patter" and "get backs."

WARDROBE OF THE KING, The. **15 cents.** A burlesque in 1 act, by WILLIAM J. MCKIERNAN. 7 male, 1 female (played by male) character. 1 exterior scene. Time, 1 hour. Costumes grotesque and fantastic. An amusing burlesque for boys, easily produced, full of bright situations, and sure to make a hit. The play may be staged very simply, or made as elaborate as the producer sees fit. Besides the eight speaking parts, the company of officers, suite of the *King* and *Queen*, etc., may utilize any number of persons. By the introduction of specialties the time of the play can be considerably lengthened.

ROYAL CINCH, A. **25 cents.** A farce comedy in 3 acts, by FRANK H. BERNARD. 2 male, 3 female characters. 1 interior, 1 exterior scene. Time, 1½ hours. A fantastic comedy, simple in plot, but cunningly contrived and cumulative in its development. The darkey waiter and the pert housemaid are surpassingly comical parts.

HOOSIER SCHOOL, The. **15 cents.** A farcical sketch in 1 act, by WILLIAM and JOSEPHINE GILES. 5 males, 5 females, 4 of whom can be boys and 4 girls. 1 interior scene. Time, about 30 minutes. A realistic picture of a district school in a small Western village. The rough and ready teacher and his tricky scholars keep the audience in a roar. The teacher is finally squelched by the irate mother of one of his pupils. The piece is cleverly worked out and full of funny incidents.

SCRUBTOWN SEWING CIRCLE'S THANKSGIVING, The. **15 cents.** An old ladies' sociable, by MAUDE L. HALL. 6 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, 35 minutes. A characteristic entertainment in which, among other interesting incidents, each of the old ladies gives her reasons for thankfulness. An all star study of character with an unusual send off.

DOLLY'S DOUBLE. **15 cents.** A musical vaudeville sketch in 1 act, by CHARLES STUART. 1 male and 1 female character assuming two parts. 1 interior scene. Time, 20 minutes. An exceedingly humorous conception, bright, catchy and original, leading through several stages to a clever climax.

JOHN'S EMMY. **15 cents.** A vaudeville sketch in one act, by CHARLES STUART. 1 male, 1 female character. 1 interior scene. Time, about 20 minutes. A methodical old bookworm awaits a young girl who is to be his ward. An entirely different girl arrives, who summarily subjugates him. The action is rapid, crisp, and full of comicalities. A capital character study for both performers.

TOM COBB; or Fortune's Toy. **15 cents.** Farcical comedy in 3 acts, by W. S. GILBERT. 6 male, 4 female characters. Time, 1¾ hours. Modern costumes. *Tom Cobb*, at the instigation of his friend, *Whipple*, pretends to be dead in order to escape his creditors. He makes a will and leaves everything to *Matilda*, daughter of *Col. O'Fipp*, in whose house he has been lodging. *Tom* is unexpectedly left a fortune, which is taken possession of by the *Colonel*, and *Tom* has great difficulty in recovering it.

MILITARY PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BY THE ENEMY'S HAND. 4 Acts; 2 hours	10	4
EDWARDS, THE SPY. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	10	4
PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE. 4 Acts; 2¼ hours	10	4
CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	4	4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.) 5 Acts; 2½ hours	9	3
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

MAN FROM MAINE. 5 Acts; 2¼ hours	9	3
AMONG THE BERKSHIRES. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours	8	4
OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	4	4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

ENTERTAINMENTS

25 CENTS EACH

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY. 1 Scene	5	[illegible]
BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene	[illegible]	30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours	19	15
JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours	4	4
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FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes		8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents)	11	8

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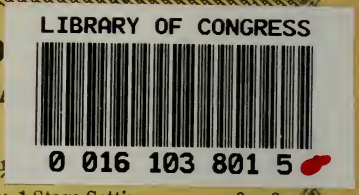
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COMEDIES AND

25 CENTS E

BREAKING HIS BONDS.	4 Acts;		
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE.	3 Acts; 2		
COLLEGE CHUMS.	3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	9	3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT.	3 Acts; 2½ hours	9	4
DEACON.	5 Acts; 2½ hours	8	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER.	2 Acts; 45 minutes	3	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY.	3 Acts; 2 hours	6	5
EASTSIDERS, The.	3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	8	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW.	5 Acts; 2 hours	7	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO.	3 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
GYPSY QUEEN.	4 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN.	3 Acts; 1½ hours	4	6
JAIL BIRD.	5 Acts; 2½ hours	6	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP.	4 Acts; 2 hours	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL.	4 Acts; 2½ hours	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA.	4 Acts; 2½ hours	13	4
NEXT DOOR.	3 Acts; 2 hours	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE.	3 Acts; 2 hours	6	9
REGULAR FLIRT.	3 Acts; 2 hours	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK.	3 Acts; 2 hours	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM.	5 Acts; 2½ hours	6	4
STEEL KING.	4 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
WHAT'S NEXT?	3 Acts; 2½ hours	7	4
WHITE LIE.	4 Acts; 2½ hours	4	3

WESTERN PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

ROCKY FORD.	4 Acts; 2 hours	8	3
GOLDEN GULCH.	3 Acts; 2¼ hours	11	3
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MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO.	4 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
STUBBORN MOTOR CAR.	3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.)	3 Acts; 2¼ hours.	9	3

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